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THE

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A. M. D. G.

## THE ADOPTED SON.

*(From the German of Abbé Hagel Sperger.)*

(Continued from page 532.)

### CHAPTER IV.

A MISFORTUNE.

The time was now at hand, when Edward was to finish his studies at the town school; and he longed for the day when he might return to live altogether with his parents, and render them every service in his power. He was preparing for his last examination, and had somewhat greater freedom allowed him than the younger students. One Saturday in July, when the others were at their studies, Edward, with his book in his hand, took the road to Waldenberg. As it was only half-past two, and the weather was intensely hot, he walked slowly towards the forest, and sat down under the shade of a large tree to look around him. He was wrapt in admiration of the beauties of nature which were displayed before him. The gold of the broom, and the purple of the lowly heath—the thousand shrubs that grew around—the majestic trees that shaded him beneath their foliage—the song of the birds and the hum of the insects as it swelled and died away on the cool breeze that swept through the wood, heavy with the perfume of the wild flowers—all combined to excite his admiration and his gratitude. His heart mounted to the throne of the Eternal, to return thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for so many benefits, and to join his accents of thanksgiving with those hymns of praise, which Nature uttered through all her works.

After a pause he opened his book and read:

"Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem,
Man's frailty to pourtray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
*Teach* this, and, oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

"Go, form a monitory wreath,
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy mankind *breathe*
What most he fears to know.
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And *tell* him of the silent dead.

"But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye *breathe* those thoughts severe;
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no *words* of cheer?
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

"Go, then, where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing;
And deck with emblematic bloom,
The pillow of the dying;
And softly *speak*, nor *speak* in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain.

"And *say* that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and his power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away."

Whilst Edward was reading this passage, he heard the report of a gun, and a few moments after he was startled by cries for help. He started up and ran in the direction of the sound. He pushed aside the branches, and leapt down the steeps in his haste to succour the distressed. Still the cries continued—it seemed a man who was struggling for his life. "Perhaps," thought Edward, "it is a smuggler, who has been surprised by a custom-house officer; but no matter, I'll go and see." Suddenly he entered an open glade, and saw a man struggling with two wild boars, one of which was wounded and bleeding fast. The moment Edward saw his danger, he seized a branch of a tree, tore off the small twigs and leaves, and laid on the boars with this club so vigorously that he soon felled one of them to the ground. He then turned on the other, who opposed him with flashing eyes and threatening tusks; but at last he fell to the earth and lay lifeless beside his companion.

Edward, in his haste to deliver the person attacked by these infuriated animals, had not looked at him; but when he had killed the two boars, he turned to see who it was, and started with astonishment on perceiving that it was Arnold. "My father," he exclaimed, "are you hurt?" Arnold seemed to be reviving from a state of insensibility. This hard struggle, the despair of being able to overcome these terrible animals, had completely stunned him, and he stared vacantly at his deliverer. Edward embraced him tenderly, and at length he recovered his consciousness and burst forth in exclamations of astonishment and gratitude for his safety. "How," said he, "did you come to this place? God

sent you to save me." Edward told him how he had heard his cries, and running towards the quarter from whence they proceeded, had been fortunate enough to save the life of his father. "You have returned with interest whatever I have done for you," said Arnold. "I saved your life once, and to-day you have saved mine. Who would have thought that when I clambered down the rocks, I rescued from the Eaglets, him who was one day to rescue me from the fury of these boars." But Edward was not satisfied, he feared lest the old man had received some dangerous wound from the enraged brutes, and he questioned him on the subject. Arnold answered that he felt some pain in his legs, but that he was strong enough to walk to the house. Edward made him lean on him, and asked how he came to be engaged with the two boars.

"I took my gun," said Arnold, "after dinner, and went out to meet you, and when I got into the forest I sat down under an oak in this glade to rest from the heat. I was thinking of you, and congratulating myself on having brought you up so well, when I heard a boar grunting behind me. I immediately fired at my dangerous neighbour; but although the ball struck him, the wound did not seem mortal, as he rushed on me, and was followed by a second whom I had not perceived. It was in vain that I struck them with the but of the gun, and I was obliged to call out for aid; you heard me and freed me from them."

When Arnold arrived at home, he was obliged to go to bed. Edward told Margaret all that had happened, and went to look for a surgeon. It is impossible to describe the tender care with which Edward attended the old man during the fever which ensued, brought on by his over exertions. Arnold frequently exclaimed, "If Edward were my own son, he could not do more for me. What a child of blessing the young man is."

"Truly," answered Margaret, "he returns a hundred fold the little good we have done him. Without him what would become of us in our old age?"

And such was the opinion also of all who lived at Waldenberg. All bore witness to the virtues of Edward, who seemed to be the only person who did not know his own worth.

## CHAPTER V.

### STRANGE NEWS.

Arnold was slowly recovering, and Edward was preparing to succeed him in his office, when one day the post-man brought an enormous letter, the postage of which was very high. Arnold took it, looked at the post mark, and exclaimed, "Is it possible? a letter from my brother after twenty years' silence! Let us see what he has to say." In point of fact, Arnold had a brother, who thirty years before had gone to America; at first he wrote occasionally, but for twenty years no news of him had been heard. Arnold broke the seal, and several papers fell out which he read. "Oh," said he, "Antony (that was his brother's name), is dead in Maryland. The magistrate of the country has written to me to come and claim his inheritance. Here is a schedule of his property which amounts to nearly £40,000. In case I cannot go myself, he advises me to send some trustworthy person with full powers to receive the money. I wish I were twenty years younger, and then I would make this little voyage to America, but now I am too old. What must we do?"

"Nothing in a hurry in so important a matter," said Margaret, "and we should consult persons whose knowledge renders them capable of advising us. That's my advice."

"We must write to Rodolph our son-in-law, and tell him to come and see us on Sunday, with his wife and Mary. It is a fortnight since we have seen them."

Edward, who was by, undertook to write to Rodolph. The following Sunday a neat carriage with two horses stopped at the gate of Waldenberg, and Rodolph, his wife Mary, and Mary Celestina, stepped out of it and embraced their old parents.

Celestina, who was only three years younger than Edward, was then an elegant and accomplished girl, and was the delight of her parents by her amiable qualities. After the usual inquiries, Arnold sent for the dispatch from America, and read it to his children.

"Heigho," said Arnold, "£40,000. that's well worth some trouble." They talked for some time about this unexpected inheritence; but no one said anything about the principal thing, how to get it. At length Arnold brought the conversation to this point and said, "We are now like the cock in the fable, who one day found a pearl on a dunghill; but after turning it and twisting it, when he saw he could not eat it, he said, 'Well, it's very fine no doubt, but a grain of barley would be more in my way.' So I fear we must give up this grand fortune, for want of some one to go look for it."

"Why so," exclaimed Rodolph, "what folly it would be to throw away £40,000."

"Certainly," said Arnold, "but where are we to find a man whom we can trust, who would be willing to undertake so long and dangerous a voyage?"

"A trustworthy man would not be willing to leave his family and even risk his life. And if we send an adventurer, very probably he may walk off with the money and we hear no more of him."

"That's why I say it will be hard to find a man for our purpose."

These words were followed by a deep silence, for every one felt their force. At length Edward, who was sitting in a corner leaning his head upon his hands, raised his head and said to Arnold, "Don't despair of finding a messenger, here is one ready. The child who owes every thing to you is willing to go to America for you, and would not hesitate were it twice as far."

"O Edward," exclaimed his father, "will you

undertake so long a voyage? You know not all the dangers you will have to encounter. You have only consulted your love for me; and at your age one deems every thing easy, and success seems certain."

"You do me wrong," returned Edward; "it is not for the first time that I have thought of this. The first day you received the news and seemed embarrassed, I formed the resolution of offering myself, but I held back to hear what others would say. Now that your trouble seems increased, I am ready to go to America, relying on the protection of God; who will protect me as he formerly protected the young Tobias."

Arnold was delighted at the readiness of Edward, and embraced him saying, "Well then, my son, since you are willing to go, in God's name I here promise that I will give a part of the riches which you go to seek to the poor. As for you, you cannot be recompensed by money. All that we have we will divide with you." Edward was praised and congratulated by all the family, and went to bed that night happy in having found another opportunity of proving his love for his parents.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE VOYAGE.

From that day, nothing was spoken of at Waldenburg but the departure of Edward. Arnold made every inquiry for a vessel going to that part of America where Edward's business lay; he learned at length that a merchant of Hamburg was about to dispatch a vessel to New York, and that Edward might obtain a passage in her. He prepared himself for this voyage like a Christian, made a general confession, and prayed God to be his guide and protector. Margaret prepared his travelling equipment and provided every thing necessary for him. At length the day of departure arrived, Edward knelt before his father and humbly begged his blessing. Arnold, affected even to tears, raised his trembling hands to heaven and tenderly blessed his son. Edward departed, followed by the good wishes of all the family, and arrived after a few days in Hamburg. As the wind was unfavourable, he was obliged to wait ten days, which he employed in learning the customs of the country he was about to visit, for he met at Hamburg many persons who had frequently visited America. On the day of his departure he recommended himself particularly to the blessed Virgin; nor did he forget what his mother had urged upon him to do, to say daily some prayers in her honour.

The voyage was very prosperous. Our young traveller met amongst his fellow passengers a Franciscan friar, who was going to America to preach the Catholic faith to the savages of those countries. Edward found in him a friend and a father; their dispositions were suited to each other; the missionary was delighted to have found so pious, so modest, and so pure a young man, whose faith and virtue had been preserved amid a depraved world.

Nor was Edward less edified by the zeal of the apostolic man, who had renounced all his hopes in this world, trampled under foot honours, riches, and dignities, had abandoned the sweets of home for a coarse cassock, (the holy uniform of religion,) to go and gain souls to Christ in a far distant hemisphere. Such a man appeared to him far grander than the conqueror, whose blood-stained hands dealt nothing to the conquered but chains; whilst the apostle of a God of love and peace, crossed the seas only to render happy those to whom he preached.

Edward derived great advantages from the conversation of this holy man, and blessed God for having sent him to accompany him on his journey. He often compared himself to the young Tobias, and called the good religious his angel Raphael. Every day they said the Rosary together before an image of the "Queen of heaven," whom they had chosen for their protectress through life. Two months had elapsed since their departure from Hamburg, when land was discovered; every one ran on deck to see the land they hoped soon to reach; but this happiness was to be earned by a trial. The sky which was before clear, became gradually covered with little dark clouds which advanced with extraordinary quickness. The wind gathered these clouds together, and the sky was soon covered as with a dark and sombre veil, lit up at intervals by the flashing of lightning. A deep silence reigned for a moment—the sudden lull which ever precedes a storm—but soon the wind began to roar, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed around and broke the main mast; the mizen mast soon followed it, and the vessel was driven along at the mercy of the winds and waves. The hurricane continued for several hours; and all the passengers expected every moment to see the vessel sink and find a watery grave amid the boiling waves.

During this disturbance, the good Franciscan was seated in a little cabin with Edward, preparing to appear in the presence of God. They had both offered up their lives, and the latter had purified his soul in the sacrament of penance. They no longer hoped for anything on earth. But their hour was not yet come; God yet reserved for them some favours in this world to recompense their devotion.

At the instant when they least expected it, the wind lulled, the clouds dispersed, and the vessel rode into a bay, where several passengers disembarked, who preferred to land at once rather than continue their voyage in a vessel without masts. Edward and his friend landed also, and as they had not much luggage they proceeded to Maryland by land, where they arrived without accident. Edward immediately set about his business, and received great assistance from the religious. It would be impossible to narrate all the journeys, visits, inquiries, he was obliged to make. For ten months the life of Edward was most laborious, and it required a constitution as strong as

his own to endure such fatigue, for the properties he had to sell were situated in different countries far from each other; but the young man worked with imperturable patience for the object of his journey. Never did a complaint escape his lips, he endured everything, supported by the thought of being useful to his parents.

In the midst of his business, he was obliged to part from his friend the good Franciscan.

Edward was sincerely grieved to part with so excellent a friend. "Farewell," said the good religious, "my blessing go with you, and the blessing of Him whose unworthy minister I am. Continue to live as you have done, without being drawn away by those fleeting pleasures which foolish men call happiness, and which are but a shadow which vanishes when we strive to seize it. You will ever be preserved from them, because your conscience will find its true happiness in God and the pursuit of virtue; every thing save this is vanity."

Edward promised his friend never to leave the way of the true religion; in point of fact, he had up to that time found his whole happiness in its practice, and why should he seek elsewhere? "The man who trusts in God," said he, "is ever happy, for God is everywhere; all the world is his country, because he everywhere recognises and adores his Master and his Father; every event brings him to the desired end, because he sees in every thing the fulfilment of the will of Him who directs all things. Religion is the link which binds man to his God; and as daily experience proves that we can do nothing without the assistance of God, I cannot conceive how any one can be so mad as to separate himself from the author of all good. Still less can I imagine any one living without having recourse to him, without whom we are nothing. O my God," added he, "receive my vows, my homage, and my adoration. I am but too happy in that you vouchsafe to accept them. You have no need of me, but I, weak and miserable creature, am ever in want of you. Yes, I will love you all the days of my life, and nothing shall ever separate me from your love."

Thus thought, thus prayed the virtuous Edward; and on the distant shores of America, amidst the forests of the new world, his heart beat with love and gratitude as formerly in Europe, when he lived in the midst of abundance, and surrounded by an affectionate family. It was because he had found his God; or rather because the love of his heavenly Father had not ceased to burn in his heart. Oh! how happy is the Christian whose heart is inflamed with this sacred fire, the source of so much happiness.

*(To be Continued.)*

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[1] HUMILITY is the mother of many virtues, for from her spring obedience, fear, reverence, patience, modesty, mildness, and peace: since he that is humble obeys all easily, fears to offend any one, keeps peace with all, shows himself courteous towards all, is subject to all, neither grieves nor disgusts any one, is insensible to any injuries he may receive, and lives in joy and contentment, and in great peace.—S. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA.

## THE ETERNITY OF LOVE.

*From the German of Matthisson.*

Joy is brief as a summer's day,
Sorrow lasteth but a day;
Years are lost like broken dream,
In old Time's oblivious stream.

The sun will die, his light be shade;
The earth to void chaotic fade:
But Love—nor time, nor death can sever—
Almighty Love shall live for ever.

## ADVICE TO IRRESOLUTION.

This night! O no! The last night be the last!
Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong,
Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,
Doth but commence anew a course of sin,
Of which that last sin is the leading one,
Which many another, and a worse, will follow!
At once begin. How many, at this hour,
Alive, as thou art, will not live to see
To-morrow's light! If thou shouldst be cut off,
Should thy last sin be done on thy last night?
Should Heaven avenge itself on that last sin
Thou dost repentingly? Irresolute, think! think!
O a bad conscience, and a sudden death!

## HEDGEHOGS.

ONE of the most interesting facts in the natural history of the hedgehog is that announced in 1831 by M. Lenz, and which is now confirmed by Professor Buckland. That is, that the most violent poisons have no effect upon it—a fact which renders it of peculiar value in forests, where it appears to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. M. Lenz says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, which he had kept in a large box, and which very soon became mild and familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the legs, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between the hedgehog and the viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the viper—for in those animals the sense of sight is very obtuse—she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do much harm; for having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body. M. Lenz says that battles of this sort occurred in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young she was suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Palles, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about 100 cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which the insect taken inwardly produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of his study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruit, when it can get nothing it likes better Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.

# THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

*Who died in the year of our Lord* 1823.

*(Continued from page* 503. *)*

After receiving the holy viaticum his cough some what abated. The last night that the infirmarian assisted him, he begged he would go and take some rest, saying that he wanted nothing; but the infirmarian, who well knew that his illness was very serious, would remain with him. The patient conversed during this time on God and pious subjects. The morning of his happy passage, the infirmarian asked him if he were willing he should go and hear mass. He answered, Yes, that he wanted nothing.

At the end of prayer the infirmarian took him something strengthening; after taking it, Brother Martin told the infirmarian he might then go about his occupation, so he went to prepare some milk. On this same day of his death, early in the morning the Father rector went to see him, and asked him how he was. He, according to his custom, answered smiling, "I am pretty well and tranquil;" in fact, after receiving the holy oils, he seemed better, and without anything to trouble him. The Father rector remained by him suggesting aspirations. After a little while the patient, without giving any signs of agony, or trouble, or disturbance, said to the Father Rector, "Father, I feel sleepy."—"Yes," answered the Father, "sleep then, my son; repose with your heart in the side of Jesus Christ, and then take it out when you awake and continue to remain with Jesus."—"Yes," answered the youth. The Father Rector thinking that he really wished to sleep said to him, "Good bye, may our Lord bless you!" The invalid bowing his head on the pillow, with his eyes close shut towards the crucifix which was near the pillow, answered the superior, "Benedicte, may our Lord repay you for all the charity you have shown me." A few moments after this a priest entered the cell of the sick youth, and at the first glance stopped, thinking from the position he was in that he really slept; he made another step, and seeing that he remained with his eyes closed towards the crucifix, advanced a little nearer, felt his pulse, and finding he was cold, gave notice to another priest quickly to call the superior who had retired to his cell, but ran back instantly and found him in the same position in which he had left him a few moments before, when he said Benedicite, &c. In pronouncing these words, we feel persuaded that he rendered up his soul to God. He had received all the last sacraments with great devotion and attention, and in perfect peace of mind. After his death, before his burial his hands were still flexible.

This is the account they gave me of our dearest brother Martin, beloved by God and men, praised by all who knew him. As a youth entirely blameless in his conduct, as another Berchman, as the best adopted model for our young students. The news of his death was received not indeed with mourning, but with joy and great exultation, from the moral certainty of his being immediately admitted to the enjoyment of the beatific vision of that God he had so well served whilst he lived on earth. Nevertheless all the usual suffrages were made for him, regarding which, something occurred which I consider worthy of being penned here. Whilst one of these students of St. Angelo, who had entertained a great friendship for the deceased Martin, recited as his suffrage the accustomed Rosary, he was never able to pronounce the Requiem Æternam, which is usually said instead of the Gloria Patri. Almighty God, wishing perhaps by this, to let him know that instead of praying for his soul, which was already admitted to eternal rest, he should rather unite with it in giving glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for having delivered it from the snares of wretched mortals, and conducted it to the country of the blessed. I am more inclined to believe it so, as this excellent youth used often to pray, during his life, that our Lord would deign to make him expiate in this world those stains which must otherwise have been purged away with much greater rigour in the prison of purgatory; and he used sometimes to say pleasantly, "It does not appear to me right that one purgatory should go into another purgatory," (he alluded to his father's surname, Spolverini.)

This is the life of our Brother Martin, of Jesus Crucified. Short it may be, but nevertheless full of virtuous and holy works. *Et consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.* In a short space he fulfilled a long time!

Extraordinary things have not been related in it. No; neither do we wish to state as an extraordinary thing his fulfilling with so much exactitude his ordinary obligations. He performed no splendid actions, not for want of good will, but for want of time and opportunity. Oh if Almighty God had been pleased to preserve him to us longer, how we should have seen him a perfect model, not only of students, but of missionaries, of masters and superiors! Most certainly abilities were not wanting in him for all these offices. Let us not, however, lament having lost him so soon. Let us rather glory in having possessed him for some time as an example for youth, novices and students here on earth, and in possessing him now as our advocate in heaven, where we also are sure of arriving, if, with the help of God we endeavour to walk in the same road which he trod.

## SECOND PART,

*Wherein it treats in particular of some of the principal virtues practised by Brother Martin; and first of his Humility.*

It is impossible, in writing the lives of the servants of God, not to make known their virtues at the same time, as their lives are generally a complication of them, so that in reading their history a sufficient idea may be formed of the virtues they exercised. From what has hitherto been related of Brother Martin, it may be easily seen in what virtuous actions he mostly shone. His humility will be remembered, his devotion to the Madonna, his meekness and sweetness, and so on of the rest.

It should not seem necessary, therefore, to treat here of each in particular. I think, however, I shall give pleasure to our young students, in favour of whom I principally undertook this work, by speaking of some of the virtues which were most resplendent in our young brother, and the more so, as many things which might have been said respecting them, have, in compiling his life, been passed over in silence. I will begin with humility, which must necessarily be the basis of the whole spiritual edifice. So true is it, that *Sine causa laborat qui sine humilitate virtutes congregat*—He labours in vain, who collects virtues without humility. Enlightened by God in the knowledge of this truth, the youth made it one of his first and principal cares to give his whole attention to the acquisition of this virtue, having made it his study even from his childhood, (as was testified by those to whom he was sent to learn a trade, and who were never tired of admiring his humility), esteeming himself of no account, he willingly received, not only with submission, but with joy, the reprehensions that were often made him in very humbling terms regarding the faults he committed in his trade. When he began his studies, he saw himself mixed with little children, and did not blush to remain with them, learning the first rudiments, and receiving like a little child the corrections usually given at that age by masters. He was sometimes desired to make panegyrics; whether he copied them or composed them, I am not quite certain; in copying them, I may say, he could not help showing his humility. In the frontispiece of one recited by him, I read these words: "Panegyric in honour of St. Joseph, made by one who does not even know the meaning of the word panegyric." His schoolmaster had ordered him when he heard any discourse or sermon to copy it on his return home; this he did, with the help of his good memory, almost literally. In one of his discourses, I found these words written: "No one need be surprised at the faults they find herein, because it is written by an ignoramus;" and the same clause used to be put down, from what I have heard, in all his copy books. In his protestations, and on every other occasion where he had to write his name, he added the epithet: "A very great sinner." A young man who knew him intimately in the world, asserts, that during that time he was never heard to use a single word which might redound to his own praise. A very difficult thing, even to find in advanced religious, much more in a young secular. Our youth, however, well understood the vanity of seeking applause from men. In a little book of spiritual sentiments, which I found belonging to him, I read among other things, "My soul, what wilt thou gain by being esteemed by men, held for a saint if thou art not so in the sight of God? and on the contrary, what harm will it do thee to be despised by them, if thou art beloved by God?" Most certain truth, which if well pondered, would suffice to chase away all thoughts of vanity. On entering the congregation his humility became much more conspicuous, and I can affirm, that he made it is whole study to conceal whatever might raise him in the esteem of others. He had excellent talents and great love of study; but so far was he from making any ostentation of his parts, (which so easily happens to young people,) he always endeavoured to appear rather slow and incapable. He chose his arguments very well, and delivered them with great clearness; but there was no danger of his getting too warm, or endeavouring to overcome his adversary; so that as soon as he perceived that the other would not be able to answer, he ceased the pursuit and returned humble thanks. He made philosophical dissertations, and made them in a very radiant style, and in elegant Latin, but put them so coldly that they lost all their merit; though, we may say, they acquired far greater value, being marked by holy humility. Whenever it was question of any thing that might cause him confusion, that was his great delight. He enjoyed being called the nick name Purgatorio. He likewise took great pleasure in making known the poverty of his parents, which, in reality, was not so great as he said. He exposed himself to derision, as much as he could, especially at recreation; but with so much ease, that he really appeared to derive great pleasure from it. He esteemed himself unworthy to live among the servants of God, and looked upon himself as a thief when he went to take his meals in the refectory; and it was amusing to hear him at recreation calculating how much he cost the congregation, without its deriving any advantage from him. "The congregation," said he, "maintains us, but does it gain any thing by us? We at the most learn four or five philosophical terms a day; it takes at least three or four pants a day to maintain us, therefore each term that we learn costs the congregation more than five bajocis," (a piece of money of the value of a halfpenny.) When he was ill he was still more facetious, then he made a different reckoning. "Now," said he, "I eat and learn nothing; oh, the poor congregation!" When he was to leave this retreat, he said, in order to humble himself, "I leave this retreat perfectly poor, I take not a single thing with me, the few terms I have learnt I leave upon the Rosilli." Thus he

humbled himself upon every occasion. Nor was he less careful to profit by the humiliations he received from others. Not only did he never evince the least trouble in his countenance when reprimanded, mortified, or penanced, but on those occasions was more cheerful than usual, insomuch that he could scarcely refrain from laughing with joy. There was no danger of seeing in him, even the shadow of alteration under any circumstance. Any might do or say of him just what they liked. He was always the same; and if in eulogy of St. Francis de Sales it was said, "Francis is always Francis," the same might be said, with perfect truth, in praise of our youth, "Martin is always Martin."

He had, by his humility, learned patience under all trials, according to the counsel of the Holy Ghost, *In humilitate tua patientiam habe;* for if impatience is, generally speaking, the daughter of pride, patience, on the contrary, is the daughter of holy humility. "Learn of me," says our Divine Redeemer, "who am meek and humble of heart;" wishing thereby to impress upon us, that meekness is ever united to holy humility; as, on the other hand, haughtiness will always be found where pride reigns. *Inter superbos semper jurgiæ sunt.* Our youth detested pride, and endeavoured to remove it, not only from himself, but likewise from others. He was very cautious not to say a word in praise of others in their hearing, and was so great an enemy to it, that if he heard any such speeches from others, he instantly did his best to cut them short, trying to enforce, even among the students, that point of the regulations for the novices, where it says, "Let no one praise another in his presence." Before his departure for Corneto, he asked my permission to burn all the papers in which he had written his resolutions, fearing that at his death others would see what he wished should be known only to God; but I did not grant it, which afflicted him much. He also made great difficulty in giving one of his pictures to another student, fearing perhaps, and with confusion, that he might keep it as a relic of him. If humility be the foundation of every Christian and religious virtue, the devotion to the most holy Madonna is, as it were, the soul and spirit of them; it not being possible, that a person truly devout to Mary, should not be virtuous, nor a truly virtuous person, not be devout to this great Virgin. Happy that soul who professes a special devotion to the most holy Madonna. *Quos enim diligit illa, diligit Deus.* "Whoever loves her, loves God." *Qui me invenerit inveniet vita.* "Who finds me, finds life," as she herself says. We may judge by what has already been said, how great a love this pious youth had for the Madonna, and how devout he was to her. From his childhood, similar to St. Bernardine of Sienna, he every day went to pay his homage to her in some church, where, prostrate before a devout image, he poured out his whole soul and exposed his necessities before this throne of grace and mercy, ever reposing in her all his confidence. He was accustomed to say on every occasion, "the Madonna will help me." In all occurences, and in all his necessities he had immediate recourse to Mary that she might obtain for him the requisite light and grace to enable him in all things to do the will of God. Whenever he obtained what he desired, his first thought was to go and render to the most Blessed Mary his dutiful thanks as before mentioned. He moreover, did his best to prove that his devotion to Mary should not be sterile, rendering his homage to her on all occasions, offering her flowers &c. according to his means. I found in one of the papers sent me by his parents, a protestation to the most holy Mary conceived in these terms: "I, James Spolverini, a very great sinner, do purpose, on this first day of May, never more to consent to sin, with the grace of Jesus and help of Mary, particularly during this month of May, as also during the whole remainder of my life. I promise to say three Hail Marys, with my hands in form of a cross, or on my knees, in honour of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, my mother. I ratify the promise I made, when enrolled in the association of the Madonna del Carmine, of saying as long as I live seven Paters, Aves, and Glorias. I will also say a Pater, Ave, and Credo to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. I, moreover, purpose to say every day, as I am accustomed, seven Aves, with the Litany, in honour of the Most Holy Mary; and five Glorias in memory of the passion and death of our Redeemer Jesus; with all the other devotions. The office of the Blessed Virgin, with the litanies during the vacation; the seven penitential psalms, prayers morning and evening, and on Fridays some mortification, with the permission of my spiritual father. Very often I will recommend myself to Jesus and Mary during the day, kissing the crucifix, saying, Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum miserere mei—'Jesus of Nazareth, king of the Jews, have mercy on me'—or some other aspiration; and kissing the picture of Mary, saying, Domina, auxiliare mihi ut hac die non offendam Filium tuum—'Mary, succour me; I hope to do all things with the aid of Mary.'"

On the same paper he had noted down the nosegays he had made each day during the month of May; having with the greatest simplicity recorded them in this paper, in order to present them at the moment of his death to Mary. This was the title: "Garlands of flowers, gathered by me, James Spolverini, a very great sinner, to present to the Most Blessed Virgin at the moment of my death." On each of these days he recited the office of the Madonna, and offered some mortification in her honour, or performed some acts of charity, &c. For example: One day he promised to deprive himself of something he liked; another, to keep his eyes down, sometimes for half an hour, sometimes an hour, and sometimes the whole day; on other days to deprive himself of his breakfast, or some other thing, and give it to the poor in honour of Mary, &c. By all which may be seen the great care this devout servant of Mary took to honour this his dear mother. He was not content with honouring Mary himself, but sought to make

her honoured by others. How diligent he was in this may be gathered from the letters he wrote; in which he never failed warmly to inculcate the devotion to the Most Holy Madonna. "I recommend to all the devotion to the Madonna," he says in one of them. "Devotion to the Madonna—devotion to the Madonna, I repeat it, devotion to the Madonna." He could not be satisfied unless he had this sweet name in his pen or on his tongue, as well as in his heart.

His love for Mary did not at all cool on his entrance into the congregation; on the contrary, as the other virtues increased in him, so also did that of the devotion to the Most Holy Madonna. He was not then permitted to exercise those exterior practices of devotion which he performed in the world; but he supplied for them by augmenting interior virtues, and by the entire dedication of himself to her love; he entitled himself her slave, &c. On a picture, which he kept always before his eyes, he had written these words: "*Martinus à Crucifixo Captivus, B. M. V. Matris meæ et omnium predestinatorum*"—Martin of Jesus Crucified, slave of the Blessed Virgin Mary, my mother, and of all the predestinate. Upon which subject he had afterwards some scruple for writing my mother and of all the predestinate, as though he had counted himself among the predestinate. He wished to efface it, but I told him to let it remain, as a true son of Mary need have no scruple of calling himself predestinate. He exercised himself in religious virtues for the purpose of honouring Mary.

Among his resolutions I found the following: "*Ego Martinus a Crucifixo propter amorem B. V. M. in licitis proponens, non nunquam facere voluntatem aliorum. In obedientia esse promptus, simplex, et hilaris. Deipara Virgo, adjuva me tuo auxilio ut recte adimpleam quæ promisi. Amen.* Thus did the good youth do all in his power to show his love to his dear mother, by whom he was so much beloved. He spoke of her with the greatest tenderness, endeavouring to enkindle in the hearts of others the same fire which burned within his own for Mary. Happy he, and happy all those who, in imitation of him, are truly devout to Mary. As certain it is that Almighty God wills the salvation of all men, so, likewise, is it certain that he provides all with means whereby they may and ought to arrive at the happy port of heaven, if each one were careful to profit by these same means prepared for them by God. One of these is the vocation which our Lord gives to some particular state, which, if faithfully followed, ordinarily brings with it eternal salvation; whereas, on the contrary, they who do not correspond to the voice of God which calls them, and they also who, after having for some time followed their vocation, forsake it, place themselves in evident danger of being for ever lost. Wherefore the Apostle St. Paul exhorts all to persevere faithfully in the vocation to which they are called by God. "*Unusquisque in qua vocatus est in ea permanet*"—Whosoever you are, be stable in that vocation to which you are called. The good youth being well persuaded of this important truth, was faithful in following the divine calls, by which our Lord urged him to leave the world, and embrace the religious state. How many tears, prayers, and contradictions, from those in the world, and even from his own confessor, the execution of such a vocation was to cost him, has already elsewhere been seen. It is impossible to express the joy and consolation of his heart on being admitted to receive the holy habit amongst us. This he considered a particular favour of our Lord, bestowed on him by means of the Most Holy Madonna, as he expresses in a letter to his father. He often reflected on this so singular a grace, and said to himself, as I have found in some of his writings: "Oh, how immense a benefit is that of thy holy vocation! From how many dangers has it delivered thee! What wouldst thou have done in the world? Correspond, then, with such great graces of our Lord." Sentiments which I would wish to engrave in the heart and mind of every religious — especially of young religious—by which they might excite themselves to gratitude for the vocation they have received, and lead a life conformable to the institute they have embraced, as the youth of whom I write most punctually endeavoured to do on all occasions. How well he succeeded, with the aid of divine grace, in corresponding effectively to his vocation by leading the life of a true Passionist religious, may be inferred from what has already been said, since in him was never observed any voluntary transgression of our holy rule, nor even of the regulations of our congregation. He esteemed these holy rules as means destined by God for his sanctification; and not content with hearing them often read in the refectory, he every day, before spiritual reading, read at least a short page of them, as mentioned in his own little regulations. He often spoke of them with affection, endeavouring to instil into the hearts of others veneration and love for the same; he likewise frequently spoke of the benefits of our holy vocation, and loved to read the life of our venerable father, out of which he copied into a small book those sentiments which he found most adapted to his particular wants, that he might keep them always before his eyes, and follow the same principles that he saw adopted by our venerable founder. He took him for his particular advocate, and prayed him every day to obtain for him from God the true spirit of our congregation.

*(To be continued.)*

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When once a man is on the road to salvation, he perceives in himself a continual desire to advance; and the nearer he approaches to perfection, so much the greater is his anxiety to attain to it; because the brighter the light grows to him every day, the more he seems to himself to be devoid of all virtue, and not to perform any good actions; or, if he imagines he has any virtue, or performs any good action, it always appears full of imperfections, and he makes but little account of it. Thus it is that he continually labours for the acquiring of perfection, without ever ceasing.—S. Laurence Justiniani.

A. M. D. G.

## TO A SEAGULL.

(BY GERALD GRIFFIN.)

White bird of the tempest! oh beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn—
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad, like a flake of the foam—
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the spirit of charity brooding o'er pain.—
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,
Like an angel desending to comfort the world;
Thou seem'st to my spirits, as upward I gaze,
And see thee now clothed in mellowest rays—
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours, that fly—
Like hosts that are routed—across the broad sky,
Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,
Mid the tempest of nature, and passion, and death!
Rise, beautiful emblem of purity, rise!
On the sweet winds of Heaven to thy own brilliant skies!
Still higher! still higher! till lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit, gazing on thee,
Must long for the moment, the joyous and free,
When the soul, disembodied from nature, shall spring
Unfettered at once to her Maker and King;
When the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last—
While the standard of battle, triumphantly furl'd,
She smiles like a victor, serene on the world!

L. D. S.

## CARDINAL HOWARD.

PHILIP HOWARD, the third son of Henry Lord Mowbray by Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, Duke of Lenox, was born in Arundel-House, London, anno 1629, and educated under a tutor at home till he was about fourteen years of age, when he accompanied his grandfather, Thomas Earl of Arundel, to Italy, who, with a view to his farther improvement in learning, committed him to the care of the *Dominicans*, or Black Friars, in *Cremona*. Philip was so well pleased with their conduct, that in a few years after he made his profession amongst that learned body. On his becoming a Dominican he was ordained Priest, and spent his time in the duties of the cloister till the *Restoration*, when he was invited over to England, being appointed one of the Chaplains to Queen Catharine. But a persecution being shortly after raised against the Catholics, he was obliged to quit his native land, and retire into *Flanders*, where he completed the foundation of a small community for the religious of his order at BORNHEIM, near *Antwerp*. His personal merits and noble extraction being at length considered at Rome, he was raised to the purple, and admitted into the Sacred College in *May* 1675, *sub titulo* ECCLESIÆ SANCTÆ MARIÆ *supra* MINERVAM, being nevertheless commonly styled *Cardinal Norfolk*, or the *Cardinal of England*. Having resided in the *Low Countries* at the time of his promotion, he received his Cardinal's hat in the Bishop's palace at Antwerp, Mr. Cox, a Scottish Clergyman, being the person deputed from Rome to deliver it to him. On his journey to Rome, he was attended part of the way by his uncle, William Lord Viscount Stafford, (beheaded anno 1680), John Stafford, son to the said Viscount, Lord Thomas Howard, the Cardinal's nephew, John Leyburn, President of Douay College, with Mr. Cox, &c. He took his route through Douay, where he was entertained with singular marks of respect by Mr. Leyburn, as well as by the *English Benedictine Monks*, who went next day in procession to meet him, and inviting him to dinner, caused *Te Deum* to be sung, and an eloquent oration to be pronounced on the occasion by one of their scholars. The Pope defrayed the expenses of his journey to Rome, though some at the English court reported that Queen Catharine opened her purse for that purpose; nay, that King Charles himself not only concurred in these expenses, but had also a hand in his promotion. But this rumour was regarded by others as the odious infatuation of a disaffected party. Cardinal Howard being arrived at Rome, was soon after appointed protector of England, and chief director of the affairs relating to the English Catholics. He died, as is supposed, in the year 1690. He was well esteemed in the Sacred College, and on every occasion conducted himself with the most consummate prudence, as well with regard to the public good, as the private interests of parties; who notwithstanding, in the accounts they give of him, have been pleased to throw in conjectures, as if he were partial in favour of the Clergy. He endeavoured to recover the glory of his own order, by erecting a *Convent of Dominicans* at BORNHEIM, and *another for women* of the same order at BRUSSELS: moreover, had he not been prevented by death, he was about attempting to complete another house for *Dominicans* in *Rome*.

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TIMID as birds are, attachment to their young will frequently change their very nature, and inspire a boldness and confidence in these little creatures, which calls for respect and admiration. What can be more interesting than the affection of the two linnets we are about to mention? A nest containing four young ones, scarcely fledged, was found by some children, who resolved to carry them home, for the purpose of rearing and taming the young birds. The old ones, attracted by their chirping, continued fluttering around the children, till they reached the house, when the nest was carried up stairs to the nursery, and placed outside the window. The old birds soon afterwards made their appearance, approached the nest, and fed the family, without showing alarm. This being noticed, the nest was soon afterwards placed on a table in the middle of the apartment, and the window left open. The parent-birds came boldly in, and fed their offspring as before. Still farther to put their attachment to the test, the nest and young ones were placed within a bird-cage; still the old ones returned, entered boldly within the cage, and supplied the wants of their brood as before, and towards evening actually perched on the cage, regardless of the noise made around them, by several children. This continued for several days; when an unlucky accident put an end to it. The cage had been again set on the outside of the window, and was unfortunately left exposed to a sudden and heavy fall of rain; the consequence was, that the whole of the young were drowned in the nest. The poor parents, who had so boldly and indefatigably performed their duty, continued hovering round the house, and looking wistfully in at the window, for several days, and then disappeared.

## THE SYBIL.

BY BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ. 3 vols.

[THIS is a story which was looked for with considerable interest in the literary and political world, for the author had gained great reputation in certain classes, by "Coningsby," a work which he published some twelve months before the present one. On the whole the Sybil must be regarded as a failure, and it will be particularly considered so by all who expected to find in it the brilliant satire, and the strong and piquant personalities of its predecessor. It need hardly be asserted, that it must contain many fine passages, and we have looked into it to find two or three likely to interest a Catholic.]

A COURTIER OF HENRY THE EIGHTH, AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

EGREMONT was the younger brother of an English earl, whose nobility being of nearly three centuries' date, ranked him among our high and ancient peers, although its origin was more memorable than illustrious. The founder of the family had been a confidential domestic of one of the favourites of Henry the Eighth, and had contrived to be appointed one of the commissioners for "visiting and taking the surrenders of divers religious houses." It came to pass that divers of these religious houses surrendered themselves eventually to the use and benefit of honest Baldwin Greymount. The king was touched with the activity and zeal of his commissioner. Not one of them whose reports were so ample and satisfactory, who could baffle a wily prior with more dexterity, or control a proud abbot with more firmness. Nor were they well-digested reports alone that were transmitted to the sovereign: they came accompanied with many rare and curious articles, grateful to the taste of one who was not only a religious reformer but a dilettante; golden candlesticks and costly chalices; sometimes a jewelled pix; fantastic spoons and patens, rings for the fingers and the ear; occasionally a fair-written and blazoned manuscript—suitable offering to the royal scholar. Greymount was noticed; sent for; promoted in the household; knighted; might doubtless have been sworn of the council, and in due time have become a minister; but his was a discreet ambition—of an accumulative rather than an aspiring character. He served the king faithfully in all domestic matters that required an unimpassioned, unscrupulous agent; fashioned his creed and conscience according to the royal model in all its freaks; seized the right moment to get sundry grants of abbey lands, and contrived in that dangerous age to save both his head and his estate.

The Greymount family having planted themselves in the land, faithful to the policy of the founder, avoided the public gaze during the troubled period that followed the reformation; and even during the more orderly reign of Elizabeth, rather sought their increase in alliances than in court favour. But at the commencement of the seventeenth century, their abbey lands infinitely advanced in value, and their rental swollen by the prudent accumulation of more than seventy years, a Greymount, who was then a county member, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Marney. The heralds furnished his pedigree, and assured the world that although the exalted rank and extensive possessions enjoyed at present by the Greymounts, had their origin immediately in great territorial revolutions of a recent reign, it was not for a moment to be supposed, that the remote ancestors of the Ecclesiastical Commissioner of 1530 were by any means obscure. On the contrary, it appeared that they were both Norman and baronial, their real name Egremont, which, in their patent of peerage the family now resumed.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT MONKS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"You lean against an ancient trunk," said Egremont, carelessly advancing to the stranger, who looked up at him without any expression of surprise, and then replied, "They say 'tis the trunk beneath whose branches the monks encamped when they came to this valley to raise their building. It was their house, till with the wood and stone around them, their labour and their fine art, they piled up their abbey. And then they were driven out of it, and it came to this. Poor men! poor men!"

"They would hardly have forfeited their resting-place, had they deserved to retain it," said Egremont.

"They were rich. I thought it was poverty that was a crime," replied the stranger in a tone of simplicity

"But they had committed other crimes."

"It may be so; we are very frail. But their history has been written by their enemies; they were condemned without a hearing; the people rose oftentimes in their behalf; and their property was divided with those on whose reports it was forfeited."

"At any rate, it was a forfeiture which gave life to the community," said Egremont; "the lands are held by active men and not by drones."

"A drone is one who does not labour," said the stranger; "whether he wear a cowl or a coronet, 'tis the same to me. Somebody I suppose must own the land; though I have heard say that this individual tenure is not a necessity; but however this may be, I am not one who would object to the lord, provided he were a gentle one. All agree the Monastics were easy landlords; their rents were low; they granted leases in those days. Their tenants too might renew their term before their tenure ran out: so they were men of spirit and property. There were yeomen then, Sir: the country was not divided into two classes, masters and slaves; there was some resting-place between luxury and misery. Comfort was an English habit then, not merely an English word."

"And do you really think they were easier landlords than our present ones?" said Egremont, inquiringly.

"Human nature would tell us that, even if history did not confess it. The Monastics could possess no private property; they could save no money; they could bequeath nothing. They lived, received, and expended in common. The monastery too was a proprietor that never died and never wasted. The farmer had a deathless landlord then; not a harsh guardian, or a grinding mortgagee; or a dilatory master in chancery: all was certain; the manor had not to dread a change of lords, or the oaks to tremble at the axe of the squandering heir. How proud we are still in England of an old family, though, God knows, 'tis rare to see one now. Yet the people like to say, We held under him, and his father and his grandfather before him: they know that such a tenure is a benefit. The abbot was ever the same. The monks were in short in every district a point of refuge for all who needed succour, counsel, and protection; a body of individuals having no cares of their own, with wisdom to guide the inexperienced, with wealth to relieve the suffering, and often with power to protect the oppressed."

"You plead their cause with feeling," said Egremont, not unmoved.

"It is my own; they were the sons of the People, like myself."

"I had thought rather these monasteries were the resort of the younger branches of the aristocracy?" said Egremont.

"Instead of the pension list;" replied his companion, smiling, but not with bitterness. "Well, if we must have an aristocracy,

I would sooner that its younger branches should be monks and nuns, than colonels without regiments, or housekeepers of royal palaces that exist only in name. Besides, see what advantage to a minister if the unendowed aristocracy were thus provided for now. He need not, like a minister in these days, entrust the conduct of public affairs to individuals notoriously incompetent, appoint to the command of expeditions generals who never saw a field, make governors of colonies out of men who never could govern themselves, or find an ambassador in a broken dandy or a blasted favourite. It is true that many of the monks and nuns were persons of noble birth. Why should they not have been? The aristocracy had their share; no more. They, like all other classes, were benefitted by the monasteries: but the list of the mitred abbots when they were suppressed, shows that the great majority of the heads of houses were of the people."

"Well, whatever difference of opinion may exist on these points," said Egremont, "there is one on which there can be no controversy: the monks were great architects."

"Ah! there it is," said the stranger, in a tone of plaintiveness; "if the world but only knew what they had lost! I am sure that not the faintest idea is generally prevalent of the appearance of England before and since the dissolution. Why, Sir, in England and Wales alone, there were of these institutions of different sizes; I mean monasteries, and chantries, and chapels, and great hospitals; considerably upwards of three thousand; all of them fair buildings, many of them of exquisite beauty. There were on an average in every shire at least twenty structures such as this was; in this great county double that number: establishments that were as vast and as magnificent and as beautiful as your Belvoirs and your Chatsworths, your Wentworths and your Stowes. Try to imagine the effect of thirty of forty Chatsworths in this county, the proprietors of which were never absent. You complain enough now of absentees. The monks were never non-resident. They expended their revenue among those whose labour had produced it. These holy men too built and planted, as they did every thing else, for posterity: their churches were cathedrals; their schools colleges; their halls and libraries the muniment rooms of kingdoms; their woods and waters, their farms and gardens, were laid out and disposed on a scale and in a spirit that are now extinct; they made the country beautiful, and the people proud of their country."

"Yet if the monks were such public benefactors, why did not the people rise in their favour?"

"They did, but too late. They struggled for a century, but they struggled against property and they were beat. As long as the monks existed, the people, when aggrieved, had property on their side. And now 'tis all over," said the stranger; "and travellers come and stare at these ruins, and think themselves very wise to moralize over time. They are the children of violence, not of time. It is war that created these ruins, civil war, of all our civil wars the most inhuman, for it was waged with the unresisting. The monasteries were taken by storm, they were sacked, gutted, battered with warlike instruments, blown up with gunpowder; you may see the marks of the blast against the new tower here. Never was such a plunder. The whole face of the country for a century was that of a land recently invaded by a ruthless enemy; it was worse than the Norman conquest; nor has England ever lost this character of ravage. I don't know whether the union workhouses will remove it. They are building something for the people at last. After an experiment of three centuries, your goals being full, and your treadmills losing something of their virtue, you have given us a substitute for the monasteries."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND HER SOLEMNITIES.

Formerly religion undertook to satisfy the noble wants of human nature, and by its festivals relieved the painful weariness of toil. The day of rest was consecrated, if not always to elevated thought, at least to sweet and noble sentiments. The church convened to its solemnities under its splendid and almost celestial roofs amid the finest monuments of art that human hands have raised, the whole Christian population; for there, in the presence of God, all were brethren. It shared equally among all its prayer, its incense, and its music; its sacred instructions, and the highest enjoyments that the arts could afford."

"You belive then in the efficacy of forms and ceremonies!"

"What you call forms and ceremonies represent the divinest instincts of our nature. Push your aversion to forms and ceremonies to a legitimate conclusion, and you would prefer kneeling in a barn rather than in a cathedral. Your tenets would strike at the very existence of all art, which is essentially spiritual."

THE MILL OF THE CATHOLIC MR. TRAFFORD.

A few days after his morning walk with Sybil, it was agreed that Egremont should visit Mr. Trafford's factory, which he had expressed a great desire to inspect. Gerard always left his cottage at break of dawn, and as Sybil had not yet paid her accustomed visit to her friend and patron, who was the employer of her father, it was arranged that Egremont should accompany her at a later and more convenient hour in the morning, and then that they should all return together. The factory was about a mile distant from their cottage, which belonged indeed to Mr. Trafford, and had been built by him. He was the younger son of a family that had for centuries been planted in the land, but who, not satisfied with the factitious consideration with which society compensates the junior members of a territorial house for their entailed poverty, had availed himself of some opportunities that offered themselves, and had devoted his energies to new sources of wealth that were unknown to his ancestors. His operations at first had been extremely limited, like his fortunes; but with a small capital, though his profits were not considerable, he at least gained experience. With gentle blood in his veins, and old English feelings, he imbibed, at an early period of his career, a correct conception of the relations which should subsist between the employer and the employed. He felt that between them there should be other ties than the payment and the receipt of wages.

A distant and childless relative, who made him a visit, pleased with his energy and enterprise, and touched by the development of his social views, left him a considerable sum, at a moment too when a great opening was offered to manufacturing capital and skill. Trafford, schooled in rigid fortunes, and formed by struggle, if not by adversity, was ripe for the occasion, and equal to it. He became very opulent, and he lost no time in carrying into life and being the plans which he had brooded over in the years when his good thoughts were limited to dreams. On the banks of his native Mowe he had built a factory which was now one of the marvels of the district; one might almost say, of the country: a single room, spreading over nearly two acres, and holding more than two thousand workpeople. The roof of groined arches lighted by ventilating domes at the height of eighteen feet, was supported by hollow cast-iron columns, through which the drainage of the roof was effected. The height of the ordinary rooms in which the workpeople in manufactories are engaged is not more than from nine to eleven feet; and these are built in stories, the heat and effluvia of the lower rooms communicated to those above, and the difficulty of ventilation insurmountable. At Mr. Trafford's, by an ingenious process, not unlike that which is practised in the

House of Commons, the ventilation was also carried on from below, so that the whole building was kept at a steady temperature, and little susceptible to atmospheric influence. The physical advantages of thus carrying on the whole work in one chamber are great: in the improved health of the people, the security against dangerous accidents for women and youth, and the reduced fatigue resulting from not having to ascend and descend and carry materials to the higher rooms. But the moral advantages resulting from superior inspection and general observation are not less important: the child works under the eye of the parent, the parent under that of the superior workman; the inspector or employer at a glance can behold all.

When the workpeople of Mr. Trafford left his factory they were not forgotten. Deeply had he pondered on the influence of the employer on the health and content of his workpeople. He knew well that the domestic virtues are dependent on the existence of a home, and one of his first efforts had been to build a village where every family might be well lodged. Though he was the principal proprietor, and proud of that character, he nevertheless encouraged his workmen to purchase the fee: there where some who had saved sufficient money to effect this; proud of their house and their little garden, of the horticultural society, where its produce permitted them to be annual competitors. In the midst of the village, surrounded by beautiful gardens, which gave an impulse to the horticulture of the community, was the house of Trafford himself, who comprehended his position too well to withdraw himself with vulgar exclusiveness from his real dependents, but recognized the baronial principle reviving in a new form, and adapted to the softer manners and more ingenious circumstances of the times.

And what was the influence of such an employer and such a system of employment on the morals and manners of the employed? Great; infinitely beneficial. The connexion of a labourer with his place of work, whether agricultural or manufacturing, is itself a vast advantage. Proximity to the employer brings cleanliness and order, because it brings observation and encouragement. In the settlement of Trafford crime was positively unknown: and offences were very slight. There was not a single person in the village of a reprobate character. The men were well clad: the women had a blooming cheek; drunkenness was unknown; while the moral condition of the softer sex was proportionately elevated.

## CANADIAN WINTER GARMENTS.

The sojourner in Canada should be well armed against the cold in the way of clothing. All the great coats, box coats, pilot coats, taglionis, and wrappers of every kind that man ever wore, will avail not unless there be an under-casing of chamois leather. An invisible waistcoat with continuations to match of this impervious material are worth all the woollen materials that ever came from Manchester. A leathern casing worn over the under drapery will bid defiance to the keenest blast that ever chilled the North American traveller; and the usual winter garments of our own climate will suffice with the hidden precaution I have made mention of. The Canadians of high and low degree invariably adopt a fur or seal skin cap for winter wear; but a stout beaver hat of an extra size, to admit of a strong lining throughout of the aforesaid chamois leather, will be found a more comfortable covering for the head piece. To proceed to extremities—a word about the feet; the Indian moccasin is the lightest, warmest, and best protection; a large boot made of cloth with a sole of felt is a favourite adoption with some, but a moccasin over an easy boot is the best of all. But methinks I hear the impatient reader exclaim, "This is all very well; but the nose—what is to become of the nose?" Ay! there's the *rub*, as I shall presently show. A Canadian frost is no respecter of persons; his rude, uncouth hand twitches the prominent feature of all: and well do I remember, in the first week of my campaign, when a private of one of the regiments came up to me, and, saluting me with his right hand, rubbed my nose most unceremoniously with his left. To draw back, with a clenched fist preparatory to knocking the fellow down, was the work of a moment: but ere I had carried into effect this pugnacious resolution, the man had retreated, and respectfully announced that the most remarkable feature in my countenance was frost-bitten; and that unless I submitted to instant friction with a bountiful application of snow, I should in all probability rue the consequence. I gave the fellow a trifling reward for his timely assistance, and have frequently tendered a similar service to the greenhorns.—*The Sportsman in Canada.*

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Oh! he may brave life's dangers,
In hope and not in dread,
Whose mother's pray'rs are lighting
A halo round his head;
In wheresoe'er he wander
Through this cold world and dark,
There white-winged Angels follow
To guard life's erring child.
Go! let the scoffer call it
A shadow and a dream,
Those meek subservient spirits
Are nearer than we deem;
Think not they visit only
The bright enraptured eye,
Of some pure sainted martyr
Prepared and glad to die:
Or that the poet's fancy,
Or painter's coloured skill,
Creates a dream of beauty,
And moulds a world at will;
They live, they wander round us,
Soft resting on the cloud;
Although to human vision,
The sight be disallowed.
They are to the Almighty,
What rays are to the sun,
An emanating essence
From the great supernal One.
They bend for prayers to listen,
They weep to witness crimes,
They watch for holy moments
Good thoughts, repentant times;
They cheer the meek and humble,
They heal the broken heart,
They teach the wavering spirit
From earthly ties to part.
Unseen they dwell among us,
As when they watched below,
In spiritual anguish,
The sepulchre of woe:
And when we pray, tho' feeble
Our orisons may be,
*They* then are our companions
Who pray eternally.

*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

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